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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Unity Hymns and Chorals

Edited by
WM. C. GANNETT and FREDERICK L. HOSMER

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1914 NUMBER 14

DEUS ABSCONDITUS

My God has hid Himself from me
Behind whatever else I see;
Myself—the nearest mystery—
As far beyond my grasp as He.

And yet, in darkest night, I know,
While lives a doubt—discerning glow,
That larger lights above it throw
These shadows in the vale below.

—*John B. Tabb.*

The leading "article" in *The Forum* for May is a cry "To My Fellow Millionaires," by Demus, and Felix Adler's contribution to the initial number of the *Standard,* mentioned elswhere, is on the "Moral Awakening on the Wealthy." Let the good work go on! Marcus Aurelius contended that a man "might live nobly in a palace." The greatest evangelistic task of the age is to consecrate the palace and save the inmates thereof. George Eliot long ago wrote of the "perishing upper classes." The religion that is not strong enough to save the millionaire is not equal to the needs of the day laborer. The boulevard as well as the alley calls for missionaries.

We take pleasure in calling particular attention to the report of the Unity Endowment Fund Committee published in another column. The quest upon which we started five years ago is almost realized; the goal is in sight. The fund will represent in itself the inclusiveness of the cause it stands for. It represents a devotion that reaches from ocean to ocean, from lake to gulf and beyond, and the psychical territory is as broad as the physical. This fund is committed to no special form of propaganda, it is only committed to the promulgation of the ideas that have sustained UNITY and called its home into being. It is a trust as well guarded as human ingenuity and the growing thought is capable of devising. There are many, we believe, of our readers and friends still left to join this body-guard of applied religion and unrimmed fellowship, in the interest of the life of the Spirit.

Who can wonder that "Josephus," that charming book for boys of our grandfathers in the days of their youth, should have grown dry and musty, even unthinkable to the boys that are raised on *"St. Nicholas,"* with its bewitching pictures of famous baseball pitchers, of "Wee Folk," of the "Sea Horse of Grand Terre," of "Sir Rigamarole's Ramble" and all the other wild, fascinating things in the May number. And while we are thinking about it, we might say farther that there is no wonder that housekeepers and mothers have no time to read Browning's "Ring and the Book" who have to keep up with the *Ladies' Home Journal,* and the college boys and girls have no time to get acquainted with Isaiah or Paul or even the Jesus of the synoptic gospels, who have so much research work to do in sociology, child labor, prison reform, etc., etc. There is room for pity and regret somewhere, but we will not attempt to locate the same in an editorial note.

The year-book of the "Central Convention of American Rabbis" for 1913, a portly volume of four hundred pages handsomely printed, and the official report of the twenty-fifth meeting of the "General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches" at its Buffalo meeting in 1913, lie on our table side by side. Their titles indicate a wide chasm between the two organizations and presumably between the personalities. There is a wide divergence in their traditions and rituals, but in the underlying postulates of the two organizations, in the appeal to soul, in the theological and philosophical assumptions and foundations, they are strangely identical. No two religious organizations in the country represent a more common ground than the progressive, reformed Jews and the Unitarians of today. There are plenty of reasons why a fusion at the present time is impossible. Even the suggestion of the same may seem fantastic, but in the long events of time the like-minded, the like-inspired, and, above all, the like-intentioned, will find each other out. Traditions, race prejudices, rituals and formulas are real things out of which barriers, sometimes helpful, sometimes grievous, are built, but they are not eternal, and the human heart in its hungers and its necessities, its ideals and its strivings, will first ameliorate and then demolish all the barriers that keep like-minded and like-hearted souls apart.

Lowell, through Hosea Bigelow, says that the chief thing in creating is the beginning, and if a blade of grass can be achieved the tree will easily follow. The chief step toward the pacification of the world is to begin. The humiliating embroglio between the United States and Mexico concerning the blank cartridge firing of Mayo, promises well to vanish into thin air when three peaceful individuals sit together for a few

hours and ask all concerned "Why all this fuss? Let's fix it up." The momentous issue between Japan and Russia was promptly adjudicated, and the horrible accumulation of hate and violence were easily dispersed when Theodore Roosevelt invited a few intelligent representatives of both sides to put their legs under the same table at Portsmouth. A few days of consultation rendered any further display of bloody battles and credit breaking debts unnecessary. A cessation in dreadnaught building, a lessening of armament to end in disarmament, a world police force and an international court of justice, will all come easily when a beginning is made. Everybody admits that a beginning must be made. Why not begin now? Selfishness, ambition, sordid greed and vested interests alone say "Not yet, not just yet!" The vicious arrogant aristocracy, bumptious representatives of army and navy, wire-pulling politicians and "big interests" are praying the prayer of young Augustine: "Lord, make me temperate and chaste, but not just yet!"

If education is not to be elevated, schools not to be ennobled and student life not to be purified, in the future, it will not be for want of academic advice or of current literature in this direction. Sweet girl graduates and brave boy orators yield to the noblest there is in them in their various theses and valedictories. Commencement addresses are uniformly pitched high. The *Religious Education* for April contains a report of the annual convention of the "Religious Education Society" held in New Haven in the month of March, and it is a noble contribution teeming with pedagogical and ethical wisdom. Among other good things it publishes a declaration of principles set forth by the association at its eleventh meeting. Here are some of the ringing sentences that might well be framed in every class room and fraternity house, committed to memory and repeated in concert at the assembly hour; and every boy and girl from the grammar grade to the university should strive to realize the same:

All sources of study should be focused not only on the welfare of the student but on his participation in the corporate activities of the community.

Diplomas, representing the culture of the whole person, should be certificates of preparedness for home-making, for the sacred duties of fatherhood or motherhood, for the manifold duties of modern citizenship.

The modern home should be not only a man's castle but the agency of his social ministry.

Organizations of students, open or secret, should insist on genuine scholarship and clean living, and should realize that an awakened public opinion will permit their continued existence only when and where they make some postive contribution to the moral stamina of the college and the nation.

Without any abandonment of the educational ideals of our fathers we must now exalt the newer ideals of social justice, social service, social responsibility.

We ask for higher standards in athletics and all outdoor sports.

Our friends of the American Ethical Union have launched forth upon another publication venture. The inaugural number of the *Standard* is issued under date of May, 1914, a comely though modest magazine of thirty-six pages with cover. Of course its pages are bright with earnest and able expositions of life and morals from able men. "The Aim of the Ethical Culture Society," "Ex-President Eliot's Twentieth Century Religion," "Better Industrial Relationships," "World Unity in Religion," "The Moral Awakening of the Wealthy" are among the topics discussed by that group of remarkably clear-headed men who represent the five societies that are listed in the directory of the Union, those at New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Brooklyn, arranged in the order of time. The publication office of the Union has been transferred from Philadelphia to New York, and orders and remittances should be sent to 2 W. Sixty-fourth Street, New York City. The price of single copies of the *Standard* is fifteen cents, for the eight issues in the year, one dollar. We congratulate these brethren on their courage, and express heartiest wishes for the success of their high adventure, but a sympathetic pang passes through the heart and a sickly smile over the face as we remember the long line of journalistic adventures which, during the thirty-five years that have stained our fingers with printer's ink, have died from too much excellence, have faded out of the particular into the universal, have overflowed the rim they had hoped to maintain. The trouble with the Ethical Culture friends as with the Unitarians, and all other attempts to find reason for and make a cult out of divergence, is that the fundamental postulate and prime quest of these organizations is not peculiar to them, and what is peculiar to them is not fundamental or of prime importance. The Ethical Culture Union has no monopoly on ethics and their Quaker-like silence on worshipful lines is constantly breaking into utterance. Stanton Coit, their powerful associate in London, has just issued, not a book, but an elaborate library entitled "Social Worship," for use in families, schools and churches, containing ritualistic material, services for special occasions, dedication of children, reception of members, marriage rite, burial service, fourteen invitations to church fellowship, etc. Percival Chubb, the St. Louis, lecturer, in a sympathetic but discriminating review, criticizes sometimes the skill that collected and arranged the matter, but never the purpose. He says:

We must all realize that sooner or later the problem of worship, the problem of ritual—the use of song and ceremony—will have to be worked out. In fact, some of us feel that it is upon us now, if only for the sake of the coming generation. It is the need of the young which forces this issue upon us. The older members—the secessionists from the churches—cannot be safe guides in this matter. They live too much by their rejections and reactions. It is the hunger of young life—its normal desire for symbolism, for color and emotional satisfaction—which must be fed. Dr. Coit is our Columbus in the exploration of this almost unchartered world.

When all this is worked out, ethics will be greatly

served but ethical societies will have lost their rim. The wheat will remain but the band that tried to confine it in a sheaf will be broken, as all bands are broken somewhere between the harvest field and the loaf of bread. Threshing machines and mill stones are destructive of bands, but they enhance the value of the wheat, which passes into loaves to nourish human lives.

"The Life and Letters of Raja Rammohun Roy" has recently been written by Alexander Duff, whom *The Inquirer* calls "one of India's best missionary friends." It is issued by the *B. M. Press,* 211 Cornwallis Street, Calcutta. The book has finally reached its present shape through much tribulation, but it deals with matter of permanent interest. This "Erasmus of India," as he has been called, was a herald of a new day for Asia. The London reviewer in *The Inquirer* well says:

"Some day, perhays, when India has blossomed into her great future, some Jortin or Froude of the East will do justice to the romance as well as the historical importance of Rammohun Roy's career. Just a hundred years ago he took up residence in Calcutta, being then a man of forty-two years, with a record of much study, keen debate and earnest effort behind him. From 1814 to 1830 he led the way in literary, political, social and religious reforms. In the latter year he voyaged (round the Cape, of course), to England, being the first Brahmin to cross the great seas. His remaining three years were spent chiefly in this country, where he was a living argument against the stupidity—even now not quite outgrown in certain circles—of regarding the Indian merely as a "nigger." Physically and mentally, he was a fine man. His goodly presence and charming manners quite captivated polite society in London. His linguistic attainments covered Bengali, Persian, Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, English. In our own tongue—which he had to learn comparatively late—he acquired singular literary force and clearness. As a student of the ancient Vedantic scriptures he can have had few equals; but the Koran and the Bible were also familiar to him, and he could often out-distance Mussulman and Christian in knowledge of their respective scriptures. In the sphere of education, he cast the whole weight of his influence on the side of the "Anglicists" as against the "Orientalists," and thus gave enormous impetus to the movement that has brought western literature and science so intimately home to his countrymen. Of his services to social reform, it is enough to select for mention his share in the abolition of the practice of *suttee*—the self-imolation of Indian widows on their husbands' funeral pyres; it was a reform illustrating the passion with which he sought the elevation of women in all their relationship."

* * * *

"Clearly, whatever sympathies bore him this way or that as he came into touch with different types of religious thought, the main current of his life is quite truly indicated by that "New Church of India," the Brahmo Samaj, which he founded shortly before leaving home for England. Sympathetic, eclectic, he might well be; but he felt that the religious thoughts and feelings of his race had some vital spring in them after all, which, for his race, would be better than any alien type, however splendid and life-giving in other lands. Who shall say that he was wrong, or that the Indian theism which he sought to recover in its purity, and which, through good and ill fortune, has mingled its influences not unworthily among those that have given new birth to the Indian people, is not capable of immensely greater achievements in the future? Let those who doubt recall what it has already done in the lives of scholars, scientists, administrators, sages, philosophers and poets—or rather, for most of us have but too little that we can recall on the subject, let us take the assurance that such men are there, and have been. Take one single family, Dwarkanath Tagore, twenty years the junior of the Rajah, and his "right hand" in munificent works of public utility as well as his coadjutor in founding the Brahmo Samaj, was the father of Debenranath Tagore, called the "Great Rishi," one of the most saintly of men and the teacher of many, including the celebrated Keshub Chunder Sen. Of his sons, the grandsons of Dwarkanath, India knows several who have attained eminence in philosophy and civic life; the whole reading world knows one—Rabindranath Tagore. The tree that bears such fruit was surely worth planting."

Memorial Day

Another of the new holy-days in the American calendar has passed, a day which has in it the possibilities of tender association and high patriotism, but a day also menaced with gross irreverence, unseemly impiety and heart-rending indignities to the sanctities of history.

This desecration was realized at Indianapolis last Saturday, where sporting multitudes flocked from all parts of the nation, crowding the hotels, to witness the mad, wild, murderous racing of automobiles created for tests, but remotely related to the industries or the amusements of the people.

If such races are justifiable and the expenditure of money and time to be encouraged, why not take some new day out of the calendar, a day untouched with beautiful memories and tearful associations? Sir John Lubbock created a bank holiday for English employes out of whole cloth; let state legislatures, or better, the national congress set apart an Automobile Holiday in which the sporting world may revel, but let not the names of heroes be obscured in the cloud of dust raised by the drivers of these automobiles, who are rushing to death or glory.

Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, is still far enough out from the city to preserve a local consciousness and develop neighborhood pride. There Memorial Day was celebrated after a very different fashion. Churches, schools, civic societies and citizens generally united in a demonstration touched with beauty and the fine enthusiasm that comes into any community when the

people join together in a common task. The town was resplendent in flags. The school children, duly trained, bannered and uniformed, marched to stirring music. The "old boys" fell in and once more kept step, and when the rheumatic limbs prevented they rode in decorated automobiles. The Woman's Relief Corps, the Sons of Veterans and Boy Scouts all paraded, and the procession ended in the largest auditorium available, where patriotic hymns were sung and devout prayer offered. A boy orator pleaded effectively for the "Hero of To-morrow," who would live valiantly for peace, as the hero of yesterday died heroically for justice. This was a fitting introduction to an address which attempted to lift national pride into international enthusiasm, to glorify love of country until it became love of the world, to magnify the tender side of war and to help shape the minds of the rising generation to the finer loyalties of peace.

After the address the exercises ended with formal dignity by the beautiful symbolism of laying fresh flowers upon the graves of heroes and scattering garlands upon the running water of the near-by river. The village of Oak Park was a sweeter, tenderer, purer place to live in on the 31st of May than it was on the 29th, because on the 30th there had been a festival of flowers, a communion of holy memories. The joy and peace that comes through tears was realized. Perhaps the mystic button that illuminated the whole thing, with the forward looking, hopeful peace-bringing spirit was touched by the boy orator who set forth the claims of peace, and the higher patriotism that relegates the murderous instruments of war to the museum, where are kept the outgrown horrors of a more barbaric age. The eyes of at least one participant missed the most eloquent of symbols, one that can be easily understood by the child and the grandfather. In that forest of flags not one bore the white border of peace. Let these beautiful emblems be multiplied, at least on Decoration Day. Let the school children be taught to sing:

Our stars and our stripes are now bordered with white,
To justice and peace all the nations inviting.
'Tis the emblem of love giving might to the right,
All races and creeds in truth's service uniting.
Not by powder and ball, but through love's higher call
Will the merciful banner yet wave over all,
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, God's children to save!
"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto,—'In God is our trust!'"
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, God's children to save!

A SONG OF PRAISE

Almighty God! We cannot call Thee otherwise.
In all that we behold with our spiritual eyes
We see but Thee; and we are Thine, of Thee a part—
A grateful part of thy great universal heart.
Reflecting Thy glory are the sun, moon and stars,
Light and life; while hills and mountains are Thy altars
Whence, to be nearer Thee, we wend our steps and raise
Our voices unto Thee in never-ceasing praise.

Watseka, Ill. M. H. PETERS.

THE PULPIT

Has the Modern World any Room for Faith?

A Sermon by
REV. WALTER WALSH, D. D.
Preached at the Theistic Church, London

The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour: "If faith be provisionally defined as conviction apart from or in excess of proof, then it is upon faith that the maxims of daily life, not less than the loftiest creeds and the most far-reaching discoveries, must ultimately lean."

—The Foundation of Belief, 2nd Ed., p. 164.

It is the influence of faith which has brought us together; faith in the God to whom we direct our worship; faith in Man with whom we unite in the act of worship. But beyond the borders of religious assemblies is there any room for faith? In the political and commercial and industrial worlds, above all in the worlds of science and philosophy, is there any room for faith? *Has the Modern World any Room for Faith?* Let us address ourselves to that question. It is notable that since fixing upon it as the subject of our study this morning, a similar inquiry should have been made by the President of the British Association in his formal address to that august body; and it is good to be able to reinforce our argument by reference to Sir Oliver Lodge.

Our text from Mr. Balfour is sufficiently explicit. Rightly describing faith as "conviction apart from or in excess of proof," he seems to affirm that the most far-reaching discoveries of science, the loftiest creeds of religion, and the working maximum of daily life all rest upon, and are made possible by, a conviction as to the facts, an intellectual assurance of reality, and a moral persuasion as to the significance of things, beyond that of which they are logically capable.

No doubt faith was easier to that pre-scientific age than it is to ours; but there is yet room in the modern world for *faith in spiritual reality*. Our immense material progress has not filled the void within, and has consequently encouraged a sceptical view of the universe, and even a pessimistic temper which finds life horribly prosaic, for all its novelty. And thus a more modest spirit has entered into the disciples of physical science than was the case a generation ago when they were exasperated by the credulity of the theologians. Their denials are less strident than of yore. No close observer can doubt that the main movement of our time is towards a religious view of the universe. Denial is not the note of our time. And therefore it is fitting to put in our claim for a spiritual as well as a physical interpretation of the universe, and to suggest that science itself might admit the possibility of realities other than those which are perceptible to the senses. Sir Oliver Lodge stated a fair case when he invited the scientists who were so minded to push their material investigations to the furthest possible extent, but at the same time to allow other scientists, working in the spirit and by the methods of science, to explore with equal thoroughness the regions of the soul. It is idle to dismiss the entire spiritual universe with a wave of the hand as "occult." More truth-loving it is to admit the possibility of life, spirit, affection, memory and will existing apart from their visible connection with brain and nerve—the sub-

stance through which they visibly function—and to examine with an open mind any alleged facts which look in that direction. Even the presidential plea for the possible persistence of personality beyond death, and for the right of that theory to be examined by scientific methods and in a scientific temper, is one that he was entitled to take his stand on. But leaving that, as a subject calling for special treatment, it is high time to demand credence for spiritual reality, and the extension of the scientific method to the psychic region, that the false may be sifted from whatever of true there may be. The passions of the soul and the powers of the will are great realities. Emotion, aspiration, desire, feeling, intution are great realities. Long before the advent of modern science they created mighty civilizations, promulgated great codes of law, composed sublime literatures, meditated vast philosophies, inspired the noblest lives and sustained and comforted countless myriads of human beings amid the manifold afflictions which precede and accompany death. The modern world requires the full play of those mighty forces. The spiritual genius of our great fore-fathers pointed to the existence of spiritual reality beyond itself; and that reality has its place in the modern world as well. Last Sunday morning I suggested that there were natural objects which were manifestly destined to educe feelings and thoughts over and above the nerve and brain sensations by which they made themselves known to consciousness. I have no abuse for the scientist who fairly makes the attempt to explain the universe in material formulae. The universe is so great, so wonderful, no marvel that it fills and satisfies his physical being. But there is that in nature which suggests something beyond itself. One may fairly explain in terms of atom and colour and number such things as the first spring crocus, the Jungfrau, the Milky Way, a landscape of Turner, a chord of Beethoven, a page of Homer, or the love songs of Burns,—but never can such terms explain the ecstacies and the tumults with which these objects fill the soul. The attempt to explain the soul in material terms is a convicted bankrupt. I borrow an illustration from my friend Rabbi Levy, of Pittsburgh. Here (says Dr. Levy) is a weeping woman. Her child has died, and she is left in utter desolation. Tears course down her cheeks. I take one of those tears and I ask my opponent to examine and report upon it. Placing it under his miscroscope, he reports it to be a drop of water containing a little saline matter. "But this is a tear," I explain, "a human tear." "I find no evidence of the human here," is the answer, "there is no proof here of human grief. I find nothing but salt and water." Or take one of that same mother's sighs, one of her heart-broken sobs—that "windy suspiration of forc'd breath" as Hamlet describes it—I ask the opponent to test the composition of this air, and he reports the presence of oxygen and nitrogen in the proportion of 4 to 1, with some carbonic acid gas. I reply, "But this is a human sob, the person who produced it was in the direst distress!" "Well," says he, "of that I find no evidence. I find only this, and nothing more." How inaccurate, incomplete and misleading were such an analysis! For when you have defined a tear or a sigh in terms of solid, liquid and gaseous matter, you have left out the essence of them; you have exhausted all your terms and formulae and have yet to explain that affection of the mind in virtue of which so much water is constituted a tear and so much wind a sigh. For this purpose you have to invent a new set of terms and formulae—spiritual terms and formulae— and the attempt to do so leads you directly into the region of spiritual reality.

In a similar way we may argue that in the modern world there is yet room for *faith in the reality of moral forces.* I am not surprised that the scientists has disdainfully pushed aside the priest with his magical formulae and his materialistic attempts to explain the universe in terms of churches and creeds and ritual and dogma. But when we have abolished the religion of the priest we have to deal with that of the prophet who, like Micah, seeks to explain the universe in terms of Justice, Mercy, Reverence. The physicist and the priest are, I think, united in this, that they are, each in his own way, seeking to drive us back upon an external and material basis of life, the effect of which can only be to harden character and embitter social relations. Trust in the external leads to the worship of power, the worship of wealth, the worship of pleasure, and to the internecine struggles of nations and classes for the possession of these external things. This perilous condition stares the modern world in the face. It can be met only by the uplifting of moral realities. No readjustment of outward conditions can bring peace and greatness to the age and to the individual unless it be accompanied by a moral uplift, by an awakened faith in moral realities and moral ideals, and by what Professor Eucken describes as "recourse to an inner world, common to all, of convictions, faith, ideals. We need" (he continues) "to upbuild humanity from within, and this cannot be done without a profound deepening of life, and this in turn is not possible without religion."

In the modern world there is yet room for *faith in human life.* Faith is the power of affinity and attraction between individuals and races. Wherever it is wanting, wherever its place is taken by suspicion or "jealousy cruel as the grave," there you get hostility between nations and enmity between persons. Faith is the sweetener of human relationships. If we had more faith we should have more love—or more love more faith—have it as you will. The modern world is throwing out spiritual feelers in all directions, and is striving towards inner bonds between all races and all classes. Much there is of another kind, but the strongest and deepest movement of our time is toward spiritual unity. Political unity will follow. Our vast material progress has not filled the soul of the modern man,— so little, indeed, that the late Professor William James declared that for a hundred and fifty years progress seemed to have meant nothing but a continual magnifying of the material world with a steady diminution of the importance of man. Has our machinery mastered us? Has our wealth buried us? Has our pride blinded us? For the real question is, Are we growing in spiritual unity and power? Are our souls expanding with our civillization? Is human character deepening and strengthening with our wealth? Or in gaining the world have we lost our soul? Are we like the beings pitifully described by William Watson,—

> "Who climb forever toward they know not where,
> Baffled forever by they know not what?"

Turn again to that terrible picture drawn by Mr. Kidd in his "Social Evolution"—the picture of the time when

all the possible forces of the world will be drawn into the field of competition and rivalry; and then be perfectly sure that nothing can save the modern world from the devastations of such a time except the unity of the spirit through the power of faith. The further we proceed with the division of labour, the more necessary it is to harmonize our souls. Our civilization needs to realize the word of the ancient Preacher, "He hath set eternity in their heart."

The modern world has need to revive its *faith in human character,* in the value of simple goodness. For we have exalted and magnified knowledge to such an extent that it is now necessary to remind ourselves, again like the ancient Preacher, that increase of knowledge may mean increase of sorrow. At any rate, we now find it impossible to restrict the value and meaning of life to the things we can know intellectually. We are discovering that such knowledge has its strict limitations. We now recognize a very wide ocean beyond the bowl in which the fish swim. We feel that we ourselves are the student whom the professor satirised—"God knows everything, but the student knows everything better than God." Now it is by the power of religion that we feel goodness to be better than knowledge. Religion is nothing but the adoration of goodness as we conceive it in man and God. By all means let the extension of knowledge go on apace, the accumulation of facts, to the very bounds of created things. But we now know that intellectual conceptions do not exhaust spiritual realities, and therefore do not fill and sustain the moral being. We need the faith which brings into view an Ideal World; which transforms us from grubbing moles into soaring birds; which lifts us from the flats to the mountain tops and the joyful stars; which hears the music of the spheres because there is music in the soul; which compasses the world with love because there is love within. All the worthy things in history have been performed by the power of faith. It is faith which turns the sons of men into the sons of God.

There is room in the modern world for *faith in humanity.* The ages of science have wrought a mighty revolution in our conception of humanity; but it would be a melancholy satire if the result were to diminish humanity's value in our eyes. To scientific influences we owe it that we do not now view humanity as a fallen breed doomed to general damnation, but as an evolutionary race on its upward path; and this surely involves not less faith but more. Wonderful things has this human race achieved in past ages; can we not have faith in its more wonderful future? Cannot we have faith in posterity, in our children, who will complete our works, fulfil our dreams, and make the good world better still? For I do not seek the human type in its inferior and degenerate individuals, but in the great spirits who have built the world and brought it up hither on their mighty shoulders,—in emancipators like Moses and Lincoln, philosophers like Socrates and Spinoza, painters like Rembrandt and Rafaelle, sculptors like Phidias and Praxiteles, builders like Angelo and Wren, musicians like Beethoven and Handel, teachers like Zoroaster and Erasmus, wizards of romance like Malory and Scott—in these great men I see prophesied the true greatness of humanity. If it will have faith all things are possible to a race of beings like this.

The modern world has room for *faith in God.* It needs to re-link itself to the Eternal. Once again we are indebted to the scientific age, for a more ennobling conception of God. He is no longer to our minds a person of uncertain temper excited to wrath and vengeance or mollified to mercy and rewards by the quantity of adulation or sacrifice offered to him, or by their absence. He is to us a God of Love working by Law. Of Law working always for betterment. He exists for us independently of ancient scriptures, though the thoughts of the wise often help us to understand Him. The ancient Egyptians thought of their great kings as gods, and buried them, says Dr. Frazer (*The Dying God,* p. 4), "under the desert sands of the mountains, that the dryness of the soil and the purity of the air might protect them from putrefacation and decay. Hence one of the oldest titles of the Egyptian gods is 'they who are under the sands.'" The God of the modern world is not one of those who are "under the sands!" He is the living God. He is working within us and through us, with us and for us. The visible universe is his garment and humanity is his child. By the faith of him we live and progress; we are happy and strong. This sublime faith is the stay of the modern world, and its hope. It is sublime and insistent like the silent light of the marshalled stars, like the silent on-sweep of the dawn, like the silent up-flow of the tides, like the silent in-coming of spirit into clay and Eternity into time.

A Report of the Unity Endowment Fund

At the Annual Meeting of All Souls Church held on January 8, 1914, the undersigned—a self appointed committee—made the announcement that they would try within the next six months to complete the fund already started for the endowment of the publication department of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, which is at present represented by UNITY. The committee has worked persistently during the past five months. It has been encouraged in its efforts not only by those who have been able to subscribe from their abundance, but by the hosts of friends everywhere who assure us that although they cannot aid us financially they would feel a distinct loss spiritually, if the message which the journal brings each week were discontinued.

The willingness with which those who have subscribed have given, is another source of encouragement. It refutes the statement so frequently made that our age is so commercial that we appreciate nothing but the most obvious necessities.

The value of UNITY cannot be computed in dollars and cents. It stands for ideas and ideals, and it is to the propagation of these that the friends of UNITY have given generously of their means.

The subscription has reached the sum of $28,371.76, leaving a balance of $1,628.24 yet to be raised.

The ten years Subsidy Fund upon which UNITY was able to continue was exhausted on the 1st of March last, hence it is easily seen that the amounts subscribed should be promptly paid in, in order that the interest may be available for the running expenses of the journal.

The Committee would appreciate any suggestions as to the best means of raising the remaining $1,629. Thus far we have used only direct methods of appeal,

that is, by presenting our cause without the wasteful intermediary of entertainments or ticket-selling.

We hope to be able to continue along this line and we believe that the above statement of the present financial condition will prompt the friends of this journal to add a little to their already generous subscriptions to complete the necessary sum without delay, and perhaps remind those who have not already subscribed that they still have an opportunity to do so.

A more detailed account with a list of the subscribers will be published at a later date.

Respectfully,

Mrs. Jessie E. Shears,
Mrs. Edwin L. Lobdell.

My Library—VII.

A trait that has often proven valuable has shown itself in a deft readiness to see the humorous, where others have seen little or nothing at all to smile at. Especially has the unconscious savor of humor in many "matter-of-fact" people often been such a source of engaging enjoyment, that it has made at times some of the darkest hours sufferable, even as it has contributed at other times to an almost illimitable patience with some of the most insufferable people. Probably I was not yet a dozen years old when someone placed in my hand "The Widow Bedott Papers," by a Mrs. Whitcher of Whitesboro, N. Y., whom I afterwards personally came to know as an unusually "modern" woman, to say the least. I remember having to be "scolded to bed" because of its to me chuckling fun, which promised to keep me out of it beyond bounds. "Sez he to me, sez he, 'Silly! Sez I to him, sez I, 'What?' Sez he to me, sez he, "We're all poor critters,'" has stuck in my mind and even now provokes a kind of smile, a reminiscent one, to be sure, but genuine, nevertheless. Then came the extended series of "Letters" by Petroleum V. Nasby, that were published in various papers during the later civil war times. Here was not only fun that convulsed me, but a political philosophy which, from impressive training, I could appreciate and sympathize with most thoroughly. Recently I have added these Letters, collected in a single volume, with an introduction by Charles Sumner, to My Library, and find them again almost as good reading as of yore. "Artemus Ward," too, and "Josh Billings," and "The Fat Contributor," whom I came later to know personally and to like not over well, have all taken their turn at my entertainment, and have helped many a time to "drive dull care" far, far away.

One day, a quarter of a century ago, I happened in at a store where a pile of paper-covered volumes by George W. Peck and "Bill Nye" was offered at twenty-five cents for the lot. I took it, and still, as always heretofore, bless the auspicious opportunity! "How George W. Peck Put Down the Rebellion," given to me by my good friend, Dr. Frederick E. Hyde of New York City, has remained in my mind almost as a classic, because in it there are sharply hit off so many of the conceits and foibles and humbuggeries of the civil war, and almost always as admirably and intelligently as with humorous success. "Mark Twain" reached me through "Tom Sawyer" and "Innocents Abroad," and has continued through all the intervening years to be a source of soul-refreshing, as indescribable as satisfactory, until indeed I am ready to dispute the exclusiveness of Mr. William D. Howells, when he recently named his account of their long-continued personal associations, "My Mark Twain." It would be a dullard indeed who could read Mark Twain's books without a running accompaniment of quivering chest and broadening smile. In due time, too, but very much later, of course, has come "Uncle Remus," with all his peculiar drollery and philosophic good sense. With him in hand, the ugly aggressive world can always be kept at bay for hours, and much of heaven's own light be let in simultaneously.

No portion of My Library devoted to Wit and Humor could ever be complete without the books written by Charles Dudley Warner. Educated at our near-by Hamilton College, there was thus awakened a local interest in him, which has been intensified by every one of his works read. Every farmer-boy-man can enter into the spirit of his "Summer in a Garden," with its luxuriant "pusley," and feel himself at home from the first. So may everything be found very familiar indeed in "Being a Boy;" while "Back-Log Studies," if somewhat out of date as to the back-log itself, is certainly very contemporaneous so far as the pleasant fire is concerned; for now, as ever, "when the fire is made, you want to sit in front of it and grow genial in its effulgence;" and, as of old, too, the Fire Tender wants now to hear what the "Parson," and "The Mistress," and "Our Next Door," and all the rest have to say, and how the present-day "Herberts" and their "Young Ladies" get along, as in the book. When you leave the garden and the fire, what more adaptable good-fellow than Mr. Warner can you find likewise for "Saunterings" through Europe, even from London and Paris to Rome and Sorento; and this, without any whit of the "misapprehension" that he so fears, whatever. And then, later on, as you get better acquainted, think of the happy days you would not have missed, as you have gone with such a splendid observer to spend "My Winter on the Nile," and gained from this experience an imagery of Egypt that cannot be effaced; or, again, within a few months, to spend some more weeks "In the Levant," and find him growing even more fascinating than ever. No wonder you wait almost breathlessly, even for a half dozen years, for the privilege of taking "A Roundabout Journey" with him, especially when it is to include not only the more commonplace portions of Europe, but afterwards Sicily, and picturesque lively Spain, and finally Baireuth, just in time to hear Wagner's "Parsifal." Such a series of travels, although but by the fireside, when in company with one who can see everything and everybody most entertainingly, and who has the "peculiar felicity and humor" with which to describe it, can scarcely be secondary, especially if one be not of the right temperament, or has not the right preparation for such an experience, in reality.

Not quite so unrefined as Mark Twain, not quite so subtle as Howells, Warner stands between the two and almost takes attention from either of these as he points out what is best to be seen, and makes an inimitable running comment that either convulses you with laughter, or else keeps your lips wreathed in happiest smiles.

Says Mrs. James T. Field in her Life of Warner, "one gets an enlargement of ideas as to his fuller consequence for modern life, than naturally came from being merely a humorist or an entertaining traveler." She calls him "distinctively a man of his own day," and goes on to say that "He was enlisted for the men and women who made his world," and, in obedience to this, "was never dull, never insistent, but gracefully, helpfully, joyously furthering the needs of any interesting occasion whatever it might be." Moreover, she affirms, "The friendship of Charles Dudley Warner was of the staying, sufficing quality," and in the introduction to his last volume, "Fashions in Literature," Hamilton W. Mabie justifies this by saying that "the harmonious play of his whole nature, the breadth of his interests and the gaiety of his spirit made Mr. Warner a delightful companion, and kept to the very end that freshness of his mind and the spontaneity of his humor," all of which must have proven a rare source indeed of the personal inspiration that is exceptionally pleasant to receive. Indeed, one may truly consider his life-work, as represented in his books, to be a precious legacy which the American people should not only receive gratefully, but should thoroughly appropriate as well; for it seems to me one can readily believe, as Mrs. Field's concluding words affirm, that "Such a man shall be 'an hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest' to many who have not yet read him with the attention he deserves."

I have often been surprised, when I have asked people if they have read the works of William Dean Howells, and have been so frequently answered, "Yes, some of them. But I don't like them over well." This was my experience, too, at first, although my acquaintance began with "Silas Lapham," and was continued through "Their Wedding Journey," "The Lady of Aroostook," "A Modern Instance," "Dr. Breen's Practice," until I reached "The Quality of Mercy" and "A Hazard of New Fortunes." What the difficulty was, why I did not take to them with due enthusiasm, I could not explain thirty years ago; but now I can see that I was too expectant of "interest," too dependent upon "excitement," too dull of appreciation of the quieter story, to be satisfied with the rather slow procession of events, among rather commonplace characters, such as Howells so delights in writing about. In fact, I was too entirely under the domination of the "intense," both in life and fiction, to be able to note in Howells the accurate description, the logical sequences, the true insight, even the distinctive wit, which since then have so aggreably commended them to my maturer mind. Then, I fear I read Howells for the "story," as I did so many other novelists, and of course, could be but partly satisfied with the result. Now I see history and biography and all sorts of economics, and philosophy and religion and "flashing wit," in his books, at every turn, and all else that makes the author so rightly companionable, as well as one of the most trustworthy recorders of our contemporaneous life, one that will doubtless be looked upon as authoritative for generations to come. Many times he seems "slow," as his critics affirm; many times is his analysis of character so detailed that one almost tires in the effort rightly to keep step with him. But he is never untrue, he never shows ignorance, never "peters out" unexpectedly; and, when least interesting according to the common standard, he is yet very apt to be most worth while. The number of Howells' works has grown to be large; but My Library shall have a shelf long enough for them all, and never shall dust be allowed to accumulate on them very thickly from disuse!

There is nothing in all fiction more exquisite in conception content and style than the series in which the Howell characters, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, so wisely and so humorously figure. "Their Silver Wedding Journey," so felicitously supplementing "Their Wedding Journey" of the long ago, makes one hope that their "Golden" will follow in due season. Add to these Mr. Howells' books on Italy, and those on his personal experiences here at home, it ought never to be said again that Howells is liked not "over well." A genuine, safe, competent guide is he, surely, into almost all the attitudes and tendencies and conditions of modern life, especially as realized in America, that are worth looking upon. His "Landlord at Lion's Head, "Annie Kilbourne," "The Kentons," "Letters Home," and all the rest, even to the shortest story, are faithful enough to facts to win and command respect, as well as clearly enough romantic to afford keenest enjoyment to those who can "enter in." Even when Howells becomes *a doctrinaire,* as in "A Traveler from Altruria," he is so gracious in his presentations, that one is glad to go with him as far as previous convictions will allow, and sometimes farther. "The Coast of Bohemia," too, is full of suggestive quietude for the ambitious maiden who would somehow "shine" in this world; and the "Heroines of Fiction would prove a very safe guide for the young reader who might be just ready for the uncertain plunge into the great stream of fiction, where so many flounder and are so often lost.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE UNION OF THE SEAS.

. . . Here all the argosies of all the world
May pass in peace. A worthy sequel here
The voyage of Columbus finds; and here
We see a climax to the glorious deeds
That Vasco and Magellan gave mankind.
And here is found a work that typifies
The race of Morse and Fulton—that same race
That made the vapor's fragile wreath become
A chained leviathan to draw great ships
Over long leagues of ocean; that compelled
The lightning's flash to bear its torch, uplift
Its burden like a willing slave, and speak
Its message unto Iceland or to Ind.

But still, with hearts regretful we confess
That seeking for the useful we have oft
Passed heedless by the Beautiful. Our sires,
Felling the gloomy forests, and at war
With wild beast or with savage, might not pause
To heed the thrush's lyric; nor have we,
Building the city, tunneling through the mount,
Or intervening barren desert sands
With fruitful man-made rivers, ceased from work
To learn the voilet's mission. Yet the toil
Of plain Utility shall build the bridge,
And pave the highway to the fane of Art,
Where all the noblest lessons of this life
Our children shall be taught. And may our God
Soon send that purple age! For now we stand
No longer pioneers; raiment and food
No longer are our only needs. The true, the Good,
The Beautiful—that Trinity of Earth—
Must be the end of all enlightenment;

And as the traveler circling round the globe,
Only returns at last from whence he came,
So all true progress with these three beginning,
Tho wandering far, must yet to these return.

Oft have we stumbled on our forward course,
And oft shall stumble yet, ere we attain
Our white ideal. In the past our sins
Have led our feet astray, and coming years
Shall see us stray again. And yet, O God,
We pray Thee, lift and lead us onward still,
Hopeful tho erring. Ever hallowed keep
Within our hearts the memories of those
Who made our country great—men of the mold
Of Washington, of Lincoln, and of Lee.
And in our lapsing, let us not forget
That never yet hath Springtime come to bring
Her joyance to the world, without dark days
Of frosts and winds of Winter that delayed
The leaf and Blossom: that no man may climb
The mountain by a straight unvarying path,
But by a labyrinthine trail that winds
And twists and turns, upward and downward leading.
Ere it attains the summit of the peak:
That never yet hath saint arisen to heaven
Without some sin that burdened down his wings,
Or soiled the whiteness of his heavenly robes,
Keeping in doubt his victory to the end.

That nation can not stray afar that keeps
Ever before its mind the simple worth
And courage unadorned of those plain men
Who freed this land from pestilence—those men
Of unromantic lives, in days of prose,
Who yet braved death, giving themselves to stings
Of poisonous pests that bore the seeds
Of the foul plague. Not pompously they went
Into the jaws of pestilence, and yet
How glorious was their battle! Overthrown,
The enemy they met shall nevermore
Reap his dread harvest And these heroes died,
Or hovering near the iron-gated tomb,
Were snatched from death by heaven. Their names obscure
No poet sings; no magic legendry
Is woven round their story. In their lives
No bugle urged them on, no banner streamed,
No high-born lady from her castle-tower
Waved them adieu. Above those who are gone,
No marble cenotaph, no eulogy
From lips of oratory, and no shout
From fervent multitudes uplifts in praise.
Yet never rode a knight through Arthur's realm,
Seeking the Holy Grail, that wore a plume
Whiter than their devotion; never a king
Taking his throne on Coronation morn
Wore ermine that was purer!

Then, O Lord,
Make us esteem their names forever! Make
Thy servants ever emulate their deeds;
Make us unselfish, striving for the good,
As they strived, hopeless of reward. And make
Thy servants seek to purify the world
Of all uncleanness of the heart, as they
Saved pure men's bodies from the unclean plague!

All these things grant us, Lord. And speed that day,
That day desired through long millenniums,
When man is truly worthy of his Sire.
And as we now in wedlock shall unite
These mighty oceans, grant that all the tribes
And kingdoms of the world shall soon be one,
Blest with one common hope, one end and aim,
One stainless flag, one Fatherland, one God.

—*Walter Malone.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A Years Work

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XVII.

Additions to Daniel

Text: *"Praise and exalt Him above all forever."—From the Song of the Three Children.*

It will be a disappointment if, at the end of the year our minds are not awakened to a very great respect for that which has been dismissed and summarily ignored by most Protestant Christians. A literature first relegated into smaller type and stuck in between the Old and New Testaments with the not very respectful title of the Apocrypha, implying "hidden," "obscure." The Church of England inserts it but in smaller type. Most of the Protestant sects leave it out altogether, the implication being that it is not worth the money or the paper. I am saying this over and over again, hoping to make it clear by reiteration.

This literature covers in round numbers a period of three hundred years of very active intellectual life, during which period there was more ferment, investigation and unrest, always indicative of growing life, than in any other period of Jewish history. Dead things are easily handled but in proportion as a thing is alive it is difficult.

To explain Daniel in the light of modern thought is to give a rational theory of the Bible as a whole. The book of Daniel is one of the latest books in the Old Testament, representing perhaps the earliest part of the second century. It purports to be a snatch of history fitting into the sixth or fifth century B. C., the story of a Jewish lad who lived during the time of the Babylonian Captivity. By his loyalty, beauty, brightness and promise he was inducted into the court of the Babylonian King. This indicates the effort made to Babylonianize the Jews, just as Germany is trying to Germanize the Poles. We were told recently by a Lithuanian physician who has worked for twenty years among his people, how Lithuania was awakened into a new life and literary aspiration some forty or fifty years ago when Russia resolved to Russianize the Lithuanians. To this end schools were introduced to teach only Russian, the Lithuanian tongue being prohibited. The brightest of the Lithuanian youths were carried off to Russian political and educational centers. Thus it was sought to de-Lithuanianize the Lithuanians. Of course it worked the other way. So long as in the schools their own language was prohibited, the grandmothers and grandfathers sat up nights to teach the children the Lithuanian tongue and to imbue them with a love of the language and the traditions of their native land. Just such a condition lies back of the stories in the book of Daniel.

The Babylonian King resolved to win the Jewish people to his realm by picking the brightest boys and taking them into his Court. Daniel was one of the boys, and around him grew patriotic stories which were written, perhaps created, by some bright literary man three or four hundred years after the alleged event.

Recall the stories of Daniel in the lion's den and the three children in the fiery furnace, ending with that mythical narrative which was intended to teach the history of the Jews written in such a way that the Jews would understand and outsiders would not.

In the Apocrypha there are some remnants entitled "Additions to Daniel," which form the subject of this lesson. Four distinct additions to the older story were written in the spirit of the original book, but because they were only found in the Greek and Latin versions they have been left out of our Old Testament version. In the Septuagint, or Greek version, and in the Vulgate or Latin version they are found in their proper places. We have in our Protestant Old Testament all there was of the story of Daniel from a Hebrew original. Today in the Apocrypha we have these remnants found in the Greek version.

Of these four fragments, three are very interesting and curious, one, unpleasant and unattractive but told for a purpose. The first, The Prayer of Azarias, is a beautiful, high, characteristic prayer put into the mouth of one of the boys in the fiery furnace. The second, still more beautiful and classic, is a great canticle which has worked its way or influence into the liturgy of the Christian, Jew and Mohammedan worship. The third, is the unpleasant story of Susanna, told for the purpose of showing the sagacity of Daniel, —"A Daniel come to judgment," and last, are the stories of Bell and the Dragon.

The Prayer of Azarias you must read for yourselves; probably there is no foundation for the story other than that of all-growing miracle. Burning was the favorite punishment for heretics then as afterwards, in fact is hardly out of date yet. The spirit of the prophets runs through these high sentences, which are intended to represent the humiliation and contrition that would restore Judaism. This was written for the purpose of arousing the loyalty of the Jews scattered abroad by the cruel rule of Antiochus and others.

The Song of the The Three Children in the Fiery Furnace is a great song of nature. The old prophets and Psalm writers were impressed with the sublimity of nature,—the awfulness of the storm, the majesty of the stars, nature in the large runs through the Psalms and particularly through Job.

> "Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades,
> Or loose the bands of Orion."

But not nature in the Wordsworthian sense. Wordsworth took nature in the Greek way, in detail, enamored of the charm of things near, in love with particular objects. To use a modern illustration, Browning takes nature in the Semitic way, large, and as a background to human nature. In this hymn of the Three Children is a detailed glorification of nature, more Greek than Semitic, more like Wordsworth than Browning. It has survived by its intrinsic worth. Its simplicity, universality, and worshipfulness have rescued it from the limbo of the Apocrypha. Read this hymn of nature, this glorification of the out-of-doors, as a high piece of liturgy. It has of course attracted the masters of music and is found in anthems, choruses and oratorios, and has worked its way into the music of the Christian world.

A beautiful book bearing on this song, published in 1866, reprinted in 1872, is entitled "Benedicite," or "Illustrations of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in His Works," by G. Chaplin Child, M. D., a man of devout spirit and open mind. He seized upon this canticle in the Apocrypha as a string upon which to hang his appreciation and interpretation of the facts of nature, as revealed by modern thought and helped by science. It consists of a series of chapters taking the text of the canticle, The Heavens, The Sun and the Moon, The Stars of Heaven, etc., etc.

Susanna, the next fragment, is the tale of a woman of great beauty, piety and purity who unwittingly aroused the passion of two judges. They plotted against her virtue without avail and finally in an effort to establish their own innocense made charges against her. But Daniel was in court and vindicated her innocence, by examining the judges separately and getting contradictory evidence.

The stories of Bel and the Dragon were also told to illustrate the sagacity of Daniel. The people were made to believe that Bel, an ugly idol, required an immense amount of provender to keep going, and on this huge appetite, his validity was established. To the King, Daniel denied that Bel was aught else than "clay within and brass without, and did never eat or drink anything." By scattering ashes on the floor of the Temple in the presence of the King, who afterward locked fast the doors that none might enter, he was able to convict the priests of stealing the provender, through finding their footprints and those of their households in the ashes next day. Likewise by his cleverness Daniel was able to slay the great Dragon which the Babylonians worshiped.

These crude and childish stories were evidently told with the sincere intent of magnifying Daniel who had lived, if at all, hundreds of years before. You can do a great deal with a dead hero.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was the condition of Jewish intellectual life during the period covered by the Apocryphal writings?
(2) Compare Jewish conditions in Babylon with some nations of today.
(3) What was the purpose of the Book of Daniel?
(4) Compare poetry in the "Song of the Three Children" with modern poetry.

BOOKS RECEIVED

G. P. Putnam's Sons: Continuity, by Sir Oliver Lodge, $1 net. Memories of My Youth, 1844-1865, by George Haven Putnam, $2 net.

B. W. Huebsch: Dreams, by Henri Bergson, 65 cents net.

American Unitarian Association: The New Hymn and Tune Book with Services for Congregational Worship.

University of Chicago Press: Unpopular Government in the United States, by Albert M. Kales, $1.50 net.

Sherman, French & Co.: Poems and Translations, by Frederic Rowland Marvin, $1.50 net.

The Macmillan Co.: Progressivism and After, by William E. Walling, $1.50 net.

Houghton, Mifflin Co.: The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes, $1.75 net.

Little, Brown & Co.: From an Island Outpost, by Mary E. Waller, $1.25 net.

Doubleday, Page & Co.: The Carpenter and the Rich Man, by Bouck White, $1.25 net.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—I stood within the heart of God;
It seemed a place that I had known.

MON.—To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who hath given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

TUES.—God, who gives the bird its anguish, maketh nothing manifest,
But upon our lifted foreheads pours the boon of endless quest.

WED.—Heart, we have chosen the better part!
Save sacred love and sacred art,
Nothing is good for long.

THURS.—Thanks to God,
No ocean, but the rife and homely sod,
And golden corn to feed
A universe at need!
Land of mine, my mother's country,
My heritage!

FRI.—We shall discern the right
And do it tardily,—O ye who lead,
Take heed!
Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.

SAT.—He must give each man his portion, each his pride and worthy place:
He must batter down the arrogant and lift the weary face,
On each vile mouth set purity, on each low forehead grace.

—William Vaughn Moody.

RUNNING WATER IN THE HOUSE

Mother's birthday's coming soon;
Want to give her something nice?
I know what she'd like—we'll get it!
Times are good; we've got the price.
We'll just tap that spring on Baldy,
Run another pipe line in
From the windmill to the kitchen.
Why, it's been a downright sin
That we've let the girls and Mother
Work that pump in rain and cold,
Wearying backs and arms and shoulders
Prematurely growing old.

Tell you what, we'll have a boiler
Hitched up to the kitchen range;
Then the sink will have *two* faucets—
Hot and cold! Won't it be strange,
When you want to wash the dishes,
Just to stand and let 'er run?
Used to lug that old teakettle,
Boiling hot, and weighed a ton.
And we'll have a modern bathroom—
No more washtub week-end souse;
It will be just like the city—
Running water in the house!

Farm and Fireside. *—Alice Lindsey Webb.*

John Muir's Boyhood

In "The Story of My Boyhood and Youth" John Muir, the wonderful naturalist, tells the story of his life from his earliest recollections as a wee lad in Dunbar, Scotland, till he ended his youth with his university work at Madison, Wisconsin. He was but eleven years old when he came to America, yet from the time he was seven or eight he had, he says, "three lessons every day in Latin, three in French, and as many in English, besides spelling, history, arithmetic and geography. Word lessons in particular, the wouldst-couldst-shouldst-have-loved kind, were kept up, with much warlike thrashing, until I had committed the whole of the French, Latin and English grammar to memory, and in connection with reading lessons we were called on to recite parts of them with the rules over and over again, as if all the regular and irregular incomprehensible verb stuff was poetry. In addition to all this, father made me learn so many Bible verses every day that by the time I was eleven years of age I had about three-fourths of the Old Testament and and all of the New by heart and by sore flesh. I could recite the New Testament from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Revelation without a single stop. The dangers of cramming and of making scholars study at home instead of letting their little minds rest were never heard of in those days."

It was all done by whipping—"thrashing in general," he says. "If we failed in any part, however slight, we were whipped; for the grand, simple, all-sufficing Scotch discovery had been made that there was a close connection between the skin and the memory, and that irritating the skin excited the memory to any required degree."

Small wonder, then, that the news seemed the most wonderful, most glorious that boys ever heard when one night his father came in saying to John and his brother, "Bairns, you needna learn your lessons the nicht, for we're gan to America the morn."

The Scotch boy's knowledge of America had been gained from natural history sketches found in his school reader, telling of eagles, passenger pigeons and the great American forests. With boundless enthusiasm he started out anticipating wonderful adventures in the "school-less, book-less American wilderness." He found his adventures; but he fulfilled, too, the prophecy of his old grandfather: "Ah, poor laddies, poor laddies, you'll find something else over the sea forbye gold and sugar, birds' nests and freedom from lessons and schools. You'll find plenty hard, hard work."

"The work of plowing commenced as soon as the frost was out of the ground. Corn and potato planting and the sowing of spring wheat was comparatively light work, while the nesting birds sang cheerily, grass and flowers covered the marshes and meadows and all the wild uncleared parts of the farm, and the trees put forth their new leaves, those of the oak forming beautiful purple masses as if every leaf were a petal; and with all this we enjoyed the mild, soothing winds, the humming of innumerable small insects and bugs and the freshness and fragrance of everything. Then, too, came the wonderful passenger pigeons streaming from the south, and flocks of geese and cranes, filling all the sky with whistling wings."

In competition for a prize to be awarded to the person sending to a newspaper the best short definition of the word "gentleman," a New Yorker who was at that time a student sent the following: "Gentleman—A man who has pride without vanity; courage without bravado, and who is innately considerate of the feelings of others." He received the prize and wrote the words on a card which he had framed, and the "gentleman" definition now hangs in his office.—*The American Boy.*

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LIBERAL RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

The undersigned will be glad to send to inquirers free tracts, pamphlets and other printed matter as may be available, to those who are interested in knowing more of that religious movement that takes the name Unitarian or kindred titles.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, ERIE, PA.

REV. THOMAS P. BYRNES, *Minister.*

The church in Erie is sixteen years old and this last has been the best year of its history. We have carried on an aggressive campaign in every department of the church since last September.

One of the first things which the Board of Trustees did upon the resumption of church work last fall was to appoint Mr. Fay W. Clark general chairman of the Church Council, which was practically to make him general manager of the business affairs of the church. Mr. Clark, who is a young business man with a genius for organization, began his work with skill and enthusiasm. He began his work by selecting seven chairmen for seven working committees, consisting of Finance, Entertainment, Membership, Publicity, Social Service, Branch Organizations, and House and Grounds committees. These committees when fully organized contained one hundred and fifteen of the best workers in the church. Three workers' dinners and church efficiency meetings were held during the year at which practically all the members of the committees were present, together with the Board of Trustees and the pastor. These meetings created enthusiasm, and with Mr. Clark's leadership, kept the members on the job until the work mapped out was completed.

The results of this movement have been shown in many ways in the new life, power, and efficiency of every department of the church. The effect has been seen in the regular church attendance both morning and evening during the year. We have had a dozen or more overflow meetings during the winter. One meeting in which twenty-five people sat on the platform with the minister and with every other available space taken and many turned away. On this occasion the minister took for his theme "The Inside of the Cup."

Our Sunday School reached the one hundred mark during the year.

The Woman's Alliance now has sixty-two members, and it conducted a successful fair, and carried out a splendid literary and religious program during the year.

We have continued our weekly religious conference, and have trained many new members in the deeper things of our faith and spirit by the friendly method of the conference and round table. This is a mid-week meeting. The greater efficiency in our business organization has resulted in a large increase in our finances, in displacing a deficit with a surplus, and this in the face of the fact of the worst business and industrial depression which our city has had in forty years.

We have received forty-four new members into the church during the year, making a membership of over three hundred living active members on the rolls of our church at the present time.

We have also an increasing list of friends, attendants, supporters, in our growing city. In fact, hardly a Sunday goes by in which we do not have from a dozen to fifty or more visitors and new attendants upon our regular church services.

We have had a number of splendid special occasions during the year. Rev. F. M. Bennett, Mr. Leffingwell, of Buffalo, Mr. E. P. Harris, of Montclair, and Mrs. Mary B. Davis, of New York, came to us and rendered splendid service and delivered stirring addresses along the line of church efficiency. Prof. Morgan Barnes, of Edinboro, and Rev. Adlard, of Dunkirk, and Bishop Rogers Isreal, and Mayor Sterns, of Erie, stirred the Men's Club to thought and action. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer and Professor Hutchins of the Meadville faculty delighted our people with their messages. Rev. William Sullivan gave over three hundred of our people a fine spiritual uplift on a busy week day evening.

Among our own people Mrs. Thomas Ford and Mrs. Lucy Drake-Marlowe gave an inspiring evening with Robert Browning to a large audience which paid for the enjoyment. Mr. Byrnes, the pastor, also delivered one of his Chautauqua lectures to an audience of over two hundred people who paid for the privilege of hearing it. The King's Daughters presented a delightful play, "A Virginia Heroine," to a large and delighted audience in early May. The House Committee is planning to enlarge and renovate the church building during the summer vacation.

Perhaps some of our Unitarian people in other places who are studying the religious unrest of the time will be interested to know that of the thirty or so evangelical ministers who were active in forcing Mr. Byrnes, the Unitarian minister, out of the Erie Ministerial Association because of his aggressive devotion to his own cause, twenty of these men have resigned and taken their departure from the city in less than two years, and most of them in the prime of their ministerial careers. It is also the general understanding that it was the above act with some other moves of a similar character which started the forces which compelled their departures. These men have left behind them a weakened cause while the movement they attacked has grown stronger every month since they and Billy Sunday attacked it.

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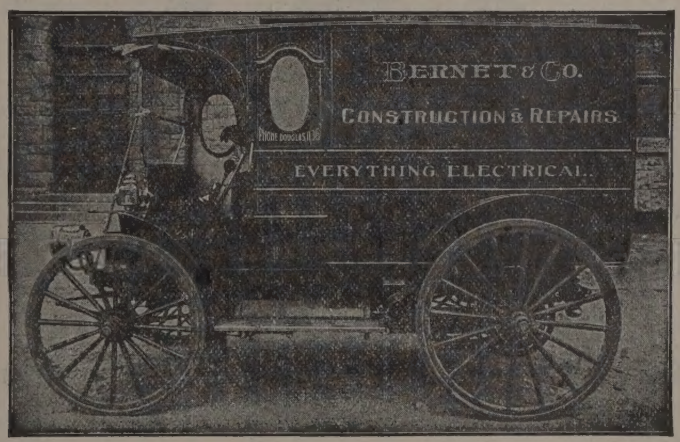

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